

held the pink-lipped shell to his ear,  
And it murmured soft and low  
A melody in a sweeter strain  
Than a human voice could know,  
And sad as the moan of an autumn wind,  
Or the sigh of a river's flow.

"My soul is full of a story told  
By a river that journeyed down  
Through valley and quiet meadow land  
And many a stately town.  
And sang of the flowers and vines and trees,  
And the great rocks, mossed and brown.

"But she stopped her singing and sobbed one  
night,  
While rain went down from the sky,  
As if it pities her sorrow so  
It would give her sympathy;  
While she told of a quiet forest nook  
She ever went softly by.

"For the trees beat over with long, green  
arms  
To give her a blessing of love,  
And up through the shadows cool she saw  
Where the sky arched far above,  
And the fleecy cloudlet moved across  
Like a sail or snowy dove.

"A youthful face with a golden frame  
Of waving, shining hair,  
And bright eyes in a fringe of black,  
And a forehead broad and fair,  
Leaned over the river's edge one day  
And laughed at its image there.

"The river carried the picture fair  
For many and many a year.  
Till it came again—a man's face then—  
With the bright eyes dull and bleak,  
And all wine-flashed and all accursed,  
With a slavish look of fear.

"A few months after it came once more,  
All haggard, with guilt and shame;  
Then a curse, and a shot, and a prayer were  
heard,  
And the curse and the prayer were the  
same;  
And the light burned out of the sun-sick eyes,  
Like a quivering, smoldering flame."

So the river carried the memory  
Of the faces, one in three,  
And told the tale as a secret  
To the restless heart of the sea;  
And the tinted shell on the mantel  
Brought back the story to me.

—LITTLETON SAVAGE.

In the fall of 1836 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in Southern Indiana. The store, a church, and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and the blacksmiths were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled up, however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me he announced that I would have to sleep in the store at nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against the marauders he did not want me at any price. He showed me a shotgun, a revolver, and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds and the door by double locks. The close of the year had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of ramps, and there were hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by one other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone.

The merchant seemed satisfied with my answer I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. That same night a store about four miles away was broken into and robbed and the clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of the week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway. If I had not been a light sleeper from habit, these occurrences would have ended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow and the shotgun stood within reach. The spring gun was set about midway of the lower floor. It was a double-barreled shotgun, its barrel containing a big charge of duck-shot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt him.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in my neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the place over for a weak spot, and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you, in describing the store, that just over the spot where we set the spring gun was an opening through which we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door. Toward evening, on the sixth day of my clerkship, I looked up a lot of pulps and tubs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open, and I said to myself that it would be so until I went to bed. The store had the only burglar proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had a hundred dollars or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to enclose it, and he could take out and put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and as I afterward figured up, we had about \$1,500 in the safe.

There were two strong faces in the

crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil-eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other as a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and cheese and he soon went away, and we were also so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover much attention. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was about 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired out and went to bed, and made no account of the store, set the spring gun, and went to bed. I did not pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my room, but I did not see it. It was rather a chilly night in October, and we had no fires yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep. It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came in. I did not know when I fell asleep. Suddenly I found myself half upright in bed, and there was an echo in the store as if the door of something had aroused me. It was one o'clock and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow, I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, a sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

**A TALK WITH A MAN WHO HAS A NOVEL OCCUPATION.**

**Making a Business of Ridding People's Houses of Rats and Vermin—How He Works.**

The cockroach killer is one of the curiosities of Chicago. Not on account of his personal appearance, but of the novelty of his vocation. There are four or five persons who live by the death of cockroaches, rats and mice, but the best known is an old German, nearly 60 years of age, who has an office on Washington street. A reporter of the *Inter-Ocean* found the old gentleman the other day in his place surrounded by the deadly compounds he needs in his business.

"Eat all you want, it's rat poison," cordially said the old man, as the reporter picked up a box of paste. "That stuff in the red boxes is cockroach poison, and the bug poison is in the yellow packages."

"What is food for the roaches is poison for the bugs, is it?"

"Yes. Bug poison won't kill cockroaches, cockroach poison won't kill bugs, and both of 'em won't kill rats; rat paste won't kill them, because they won't eat it."

"How do you kill cockroaches?"

"We blow 'em up with powder—not the kind of powder that kills men, though. See that funnel on the end of those bellows? Well, we put the powder in that, and then blow it through the nozzle into the cracks and crevices where he lives. He doesn't live long after. We kill bugs the same way, using the other powder."

"Pays pretty well, doesn't it?"

"Oh, fairly. Most of it is contract work. We take contracts for cleaning hotels, restaurants, stores, dwellings, houses, public institutions, bakeries, steamboats, railroad sleeping cars or coaches, etc., of bugs, roaches, water bugs, moths or ants, forso much a year."

"How much?"

"That depends on the size and character of the place. To keep hotels clear is worth from \$40 to \$100 a year. We've just taking hotel contracts, because they are unsatisfactory. The powder only kills the bugs or roaches that touch or eat it. Sometimes they hide in their holes where the powder won't reach them, but

"You said the bug and roach powders were not poisonous, didn't you?"

"I'll show you," he said, taking a generous pinch of each kind, placing it on his tongue and swallowing it. "It's not poisonous to men," he continued, "but it's because we don't breathe like bugs. They breathe like we perspire—through the pores. They have no lungs. The powder gets into the pores and closes them up, so they just die for want of breath. But a good many people die from the same reason, I guess."

"How about restaurants?"

"They're good contractors, next to private houses. I've cleaned a number of restaurants for over ten years. They are worth from \$10 to \$40; depends on the size; same way with saloons. Don't know why it is, but saloons and printing offices are the favorite domain of the cockroach. Maybe there's something in the coincidence, but mind you I don't say they're carried from one to the other. Perhaps they're fond of pretzels and pi."

"Do you make contracts and guarantee to keep private residences free from rats, roaches and bedbugs for a year?"

"Why, bless you, that's the main part of our business. We prefer private residences to any other class of buildings. I've been in the business fifteen years, and I've worked up an excellent trade. I have Phil Armour's house, Judge Tutthill's and all the finest houses on the North, South and West sides. The roach is no respecter of persons. He will invade the mansion of a prince with as much assurance and contentment as he will the lowest hovel in the Italian 'parch.'"

"What did you say you charged for private houses?"

"Well, say an average of \$10 a year for bugs and roaches. Rats are \$10 extra."

"How many trips do you make to a house in a year?"

"Usually one; rarely more than two. Of course, I go every time a bug or roach shows his nose."

"Suppose a person doesn't wish to contract for a whole year. What do you charge then?"

"For each bedroom, guaranteed for a year, \$1.50; if I simply powder the room, 50 cents."

"Which insect or vermin is hardest to exterminate?"

"The moth. It gets into the lining of garments and is difficult to reach. The powder will not destroy the pupa, even if covered with powder, nor when it hatches, but the powder must be applied fresh to the larva."

"A new bug has made its appearance in Chicago within the last two years. We call it the sewer bug, because it breeds in the sewers, and through them gets into the houses. They are hard to kill, and they destroy carpets, leather, and clothing. They are a species of beetle, but have no wings. This summer another new bug has made its appearance in the East. It has not reached Chicago yet. The name of 'buffalo bug' has been applied to it because it was discovered in Buffalo, New York, and literally abounded there."

"You have a monopoly in your business, haven't you?"

"No; there are four or five others. Then there's a man who makes a specialty of rats. He kills them, with ferrets. Perhaps you've noticed a little carriage with a very highly polished black body and the words 'Death to Rats' in gilt letters on the sides. The box is full of air holes, and in it he has about a dozen ferrets. He goes to a store, for instance, rips up one or two planks, and lets the ferrets loose. They get there without delay, and when they've killed the rats he simply whistles, and they come running to him just like a well-trained dog would. He makes lots of money, I hear."

"Oh, you lose much, do you?"

"No. We don't starve, but I can't remember a case where a man made a fortune killing bugs and roaches."

### A Cure for Rheumatism.

The *English Mechanic* prints the following as a speedy cure for rheumatism (one quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum; this will make curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keeps the curds hot, and after bathing, put them on a poultice, wrap in flannel and go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

Changeable velvets will be much worn this fall.

Feathers will drive flowers from bonnets this fall.

Beaded materials continue as much in favor as ever.

It is said that polonaises and redingotes are to prevail in the immediate future.

It is predicted that long velvet redingotes, with satin shirts, will be extensively worn.

A Texas woman has a pet alligator that wags its tail when his name is called.

Philoxes and lantanas are old-fashioned flowers, lately imitated in the fashionable floral jewelry.

Beads about the size of a pea made of Swiss lapis lazuli are favorite necklaces for young girls.

Brunettes should not wear pearls, but they have the exclusive right to amethysts and rubies.

New for bonnet trimmings are bands of feathers, arranged for winding around the hat like braid.

White felt sailor hats, with a white band around the crown, are worn with flannel dresses of any color.

A Florida woman has made a bed quilt containing 16,000 pieces, each less than the size of an average thumb-nail.

Clusters of nuts intermingled with tulle are a novel of trimming sometimes seen upon Leghorn and Manila hats.

There are only eleven different sorts of point lace in existence, and several of these never find their way to this country.

The women of the Presbyterian Church of this country have raised during the past sixteen years about \$2,150,000 for missions.

Miss Minnie E. Folsom, a near relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, has become preceptress of the Brookings Agricultural College in Dakota.

The Princesses of Wales and other English women of fashion are wearing Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with large flowers, poppies, artemisias or roses.

The belle of West Virginia is said to be Miss Nannie Reynolds, of Charleston. She is twenty years old, and a perfect representative of the mountain beauty.

to moisture.

Military styles will predominate in the jackets of next season. They will be adorned with Brandebourgs, frogs, fourragers and regular aiguillettes tagged with metal.

Blouse waists are very popular, and a pretty firm belt for them is made by winding a ribbon two inches wide three times round the waist and tying it together in a heavy antique silver buckle.

Jet handkerchiefs are the latest idiosyncrasy. They are of net lace, with jet embroidered borders. When the jet wears off, they may be utilized as dusting cloths, but that is all the use that can ever be made of them.

French fashions state that the polonaise increases in numbers and favor over all other styles of corsages. Made of thin materials they are sometimes loose, crossed on the bust, the waist being defined by a pointed girdle.

Low shoes are very generally worn; they have rounded, not pointed, toes, are laced across the instep, and have medium high heels. Dull kid uppers with patent-leather foxing, or at least tips of patent leather, are most used.

Earrings, while not entirely out of fashion, are not worn nearly so much as they were a few years ago, and unless one possesses a diamond set for state occasions there is very little interest toward earrings displayed.

Small, short curls are again worn on the back hair, sometimes with a coil or a Psyche knot, and again forming all the back of the coiffure. Nets of beads and of silver or gilt cord for holding the back hair are worn by Parisiennes.

Boston has a temperance club exclusively for young unmarried women. Miss Julia Surpluss, Treasurer of the organization, says no member is permitted to accept the attentions of a man who drinks, no matter how moderately.

When sashes are worn with basques they follow the outline of the front, and may be folded narrow and flat, or left wide or loose, as is more becoming to the wearer. The loops pass under the position, making the back very bouffant.

Queen Victoria is mourning the death of her old nurse, Miss Skerritt, who recently passed away at the mature age of ninety-four. Miss Skerritt had seen service under Queens Charlotte and Adelaide; and had nursed Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and other royal children.

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### New York's Millionaires.

The number of millionaires in the country has steadily increased, and the number of poor men has become made to increase with them, though in a ten-fold ratio. The almshouse records show this latter fact, and a recent statement of the number of millionaires, even in New York city alone, indicates the correctness of the former. There are scores of men there whose wealth ranges from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000 each, and many more who go beyond either of these figures. John Jacob Astor is probably the wealthiest man in the metropolis, his possessions being estimated at \$200,000,000. Jay Gould is thought to come next, with an estimated wealth of \$100,000,000.

Estimates as to other New Yorkers are interesting. Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; W. R. Vanderbilt, \$90,000,000; Russell Sage, \$60,000,000; Winslow, Lanier & Co., \$30,000,000; D. O. Mills, Whitehall Reid's father-in-law, \$20,000,000; Pierrepoint Morgan, \$18,000,000; Bob Garrett, \$20,000,000; Fred Vanderbilt, \$15,000,000; Sydney Dillon, \$10,000,000; Addison Cammack, \$8,000,000; John Rockefeller, the Standard Oil man, \$10,000,000; H. I. Rockefeller, his brother, \$8,000,000; August Belmont, \$20,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, \$10,000,000; Deacon S. V. White, member elect of the new Congress, \$7,000,000; R. P. Flower, \$6,000,000; Wash Connor, Jay Gould's old broker, who has just married the divorced wife of the ex-lottery king, \$3,000,000; Victor Newcome, \$4,000,000; Henry Hart, who is manipulating Pacific Mail, \$10,000,000; Oswald Ottendorfer, editor of the *Stants Zeitung*, \$5,000,000; James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, \$10,000,000; Austin Corbin, \$30,000,000; Erastus Winan, \$3,000,000.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union*.

**WHAT SOME OF THE FEATHERED  
PETS COST.**

**One Parrot Worth \$250—The Minimum  
The Highest Priced of All Birds—  
Talk With a Dealer.**

Fifty dollars reward for the return of a gray African parrot was an offer recently made in an advertisement that attracted considerable attention. Fifty dollars seemed to most people a good deal to offer for one parrot, and the general opinion was that some rich woman had lost her pet, and didn't care how much she spent to get it back. "Whether that particular parrot was ever found has not been announced, but \$50 was not such a terribly big price to bid for its return, after all, if it was much of a bird," according to Donald Burns, who ought to know what he is talking about for he has dealt in birds, retail, wholesale, and every other way all his life. He was busy in his store down by the docks in Roosevelt street unpacking a consignment of several hundred nasty little green baby parrots just received, when he told a *Sun* reporter that even those birds were worth from \$5 to \$10 apiece, and that good talking parrots brought prices up into the hundreds of dollars. He had then only one "talker" in the shop, and that he had refused \$250 for. The bird is an ugly gray one, with red markings and sat up on its perch gazing with scorn upon the screeching mass of green young ones crowded into the boxes on the floor. Mr. Burns has had this bird for thirty years, and it isn't for sale at any price, but \$250 is about what it is fairly worth, according to parrot experts. This is pretty high for a parrot, but not higher than many of them have been sold for. The value of parrots, however, is, in a majority of cases, fixed a great deal according to the whim of the owners, as the birds generally attain most of their accomplishments while in the hands of persons who keep them and value them as pets and not as merchandise. Really good parrots are hard to get, although there are 30,000 of the birds imported into this city every year. They cannot be bred here. They are brought in chiefly by dealers, who send their agents to South America to get the birds and attend them on the passage hither. Nearly one-third of those imported die on the

The best talkers, the most tractable and the highest priced parrots are the gray ones, which come from the West African coast. They are ash-gray in color, and have scarlet tails and yellow markings. They live to be 70 years old and sometimes it is said have reached over 90 years.

"The macaws, big, gorgeous, scarlet birds, are a sort of parrot. They are pretty to look at from a distance, but they can't talk any to speak of. They sell for \$25 or more, however, and are not very plenty. Cockatoos and other birds similar in decoration and general construction to the macaws fetch high prices, but are graded much according to the willingness to pay of the man who wants to buy them.

"There is but one bird dealt in by the regular trade, barring, of course, ostriches and similar animals, that is worth more than the talking parrot. That is the mino bird. The mino bird belongs to the starling family, and when it is a home bird in Java, Sumatra, and other East-Indian summer re-orts. It stays in pairs or small parties at the tops of high trees in the jungles, and is very hard to capture. It is a plump bird, about ten inches long, with velvety black plumage with green, blue and purple reflections. It is very easily domesticated when once caught, and soon learns to whistle, sing and talk. It imitates the human voice more perfectly than any other bird known. Mr. Burns has received as high as \$400 for a mino bird, and they have been sold for even more.

"Fancy prices, however, are not confined to really valuable birds. Ordinary song birds, canaries, mocking birds, and others often bring prices regulated by the size of a lady's purse, and the extent of her whim. Such a little thing as price doesn't interfere with trade when a rich woman sees a bird she wants."—*New York Sun*.

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### Pigmies in Africa.

Ronzo de Leo, who traveled many years in Africa with Dr. Livingston, was one who almost stood out alone in the assertion that a race of dwarfs lived in Central Africa. In his lectures in America he told of a little people who fled to the clefts of the rocks when the explorers approached. C. Eugene Wolf, who traveled many years with Stanley and who is now in the city, gives some queer accounts of these dwarfs. "Of the southern branches of the Congo," said he in an *Essexian* reporter, "I have seen whole villages of these Lilliputians. They are a generous little people, who live in rude huts and clear ground, engaging in varied sorts of agriculture. They are also skilled hunters and the make palm wine. They are as lithe and supple in climbing trees as monkeys and baboons, although they are physically perfect men as any of the giant tribes thereabout, and they know as much. Their men are not over four feet and a half high, while the women are a good deal smaller. These tiny little men are both brave and cunning. They are expert with the bow and arrow and readily bring down the African bison, antelope and even elephants with them. As trappers of small animals they are unsurpassed. In a close pinch they use the lance with astonishing dexterity, and an ordinary

wonderful skin. The hair is wavy, with which they make soap. The men are smooth-faced and of a rich mahogany color, while the hair is short, kinky and as black as night. Two of thousands of them live on the south branch of the Congo. They are so affable, kind-hearted people. In many ways and devoid of vicious tendencies to a greater degree than most semi-barbaric races. The women are industrious and amiable. Very queer these people live, alongside the great swarthy blacks further up on the Congo. They are cannibals, are prodigious size, uncouth, rude to the remotest degree, and cannibalistically inclined. The dwarfs stand in awe of them, but are so brave and cunning that with all the odds of physique against them, the pygmies are masters of the situation."—*San Francisco Examiner*

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## Two Woovers.

Jack Blunt once loved a maid whose hair  
With terra cotta might compare.  
"My heart beats but for you," he said;  
"No matter if your hair is red."  
With me the color has no heed—  
And he got left.

George Smoothly later came to woo,  
Said he with passion tender, true,  
"I love you, an' all that is your;  
These locks of dark, golden hue,  
The sunlight kiss'd and finger'd there—  
I'd give 'em all for one wee curl."  
He got the girl.

—*Washington Critic.*

The carpenter is perhaps the most successful boarding house keeper on record.

President Cleveland has accepted an invitation from the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia to be present for a brief time at its banquet on the afternoon of the 17th inst.

Mrs. Langtry is building a cottage on the shores of Lake Tahoe, California. Tahoe is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in existence. It is 6,200 feet above the level of the sea.

Colonel Blanton Duncan, the well-known Kentuckian, has discovered the mistake of the Millerites in predicting the end of the world some years ago. It was simply a miscalculation. Colonel Duncan is morally and prophetically certain that Russia will furnish the Anti-Christ, that the Greek Church will be the persecutor and that the closing scenes of the great drama of creation will be enacted in and around Constantinople.

**Marvellous Little Moxie.**

The Moxie cures is the latest, and it bids fair to last, as the physicians say it takes the place of stimulants, and produces a perfect reaction. Consequently, its place cannot be filled. To the medical world, it is said, have been waiting for some one to give it their like, and now it is only a temporary relief, and is eventually as destructive to nerve force as overwork and exhaustion. Stimulants and narcotics are the only things that cause exhaustion. It is said the Moxie does at once. Stop the appetite for liquors as well, satisfies the kidneys as well, as well, at once, leaving only the best results.

Weister's spelling-book has had a circulation of over 50,000,000 copies.

Mrs. Ellen Wood, the authoress, left personal estate to the value of £295,000.

**A Sad Case of Poisoning.**

It is that of a man or woman afflicted with disease of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, skin heczheaches, and diseases of the kidneys. To cure these troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this, we require a medicine that does nothing, but proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

They are raising peaches two inches in diameter, at Bentonville, Ark.

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is afflicted with a cough, and is continually coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are the most annoying and disagreeable of themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

The benighted of the Moslem Valley, N. Y.

All the Vanderbilts could well do away with the deadly car stove this winter.

ROYAL GLUE mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free trials at Drugs and Grocers.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of **Piso's Cure for Consumption.**

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## Sick Headache

Is one of the most distressing afflictions; and people who are its victims deserve sympathy. But the great success **Hood's Sarsaparilla** has had in curing sick headache makes it seem almost foolish to allow the trouble to continue. By its toning and purgative effect upon the digestive organs, **Hood's Sarsaparilla** readily gives relief when headache arises from indigestion and in neuralgic conditions by building up the depleted system, **Hood's Sarsaparilla** removes the cause and hence overcomes the difficulty.

Only water suffered from sick headache, and new cures. After taking **Hood's Sarsaparilla** she was much relieved." W. B. RARR, Wilmington, Ohio.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. J. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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## KIDDER'S

# DIETYL LIME

A SURE CURE FOR  
**INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA**

Over 500,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of **DIETYL LIME**, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever made use of. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where **DIETYL LIME** was taken that was not cured.

## FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.


IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES OF IT WITH NO OTHER VOMITING OR PURGATION.

IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints, Colic, and Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, **DIETYL LIME** will effect an immediate cure.

Take **DIETYL LIME** for all pains and disorders of the stomach; if they come from Indigestion. As your druggist for **DIETYL LIME** (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. And business to send you a invoice. Our business is reliable. Established twenty five years.

W. M. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemist, 10 John St., N. Y.



I have been a periodical sufferer from hay fever since the summer of 1879, and, until used **Elys's Cream Balm**, I was never able to find any relief. I can say that **Cream Balm** cured me.—L. M. GORTON, Birmingham, New York.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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## COCKLE'S BILIOUS PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury, containing no opium or other dangerous ingredients. Sole Agent, **Dr. C. H. KENTON**, New York.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.  
50c. E. T. Hazelton, Warren, Pa.

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## DRUNKENNESS CURED

Safe And Sure Remedy. Send \$5 to J. O. BALINO, Box 239 New Bedford, Mass.

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# \$1000

Reward for every case of Kidney Troubles, Nervous Debility, or any other disease cured by Dr. J. O. Balino.

**\$5** to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$10. FREE Lines sent under the horse's foot. Write Brewer Safety Belt Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**PENSIONS** An increase may be due. Address MILB B. STEVENS & CO., Pensioners' Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**HERBRAND FIFTH WHEEL.** Latest Brain improvement. HERBRAND CO., Fremont, O.

**FREE** By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor system of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati.

**HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL** College, Cleveland, O. Session of 1887 begins Sept. 28. For catalogue, address Wm. F. Miller, M. D., 661 Superior or

**G**OLD'S worth \$500 per pound. Pettie's Eye-Sale \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

**VILLAGE Improvement Associations.** How to organize. B. G. NORTHROP, Clinton, Conn.

**TOWER'S SLIC**  
**FISH BRAND**  
Does genuine, un- stamped with the above TRADE MARK.  
Don't waste your money in imitations. Get the real one. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" and you will get the genuine. Don't have the fish brand sent for descriptive

**THREE**  
**Crab Orchard Water**  
Genuine Crab Orchard Salts in sealed packages.  
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